Then loue-deuouring death doe what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent delights haue violent ends,
And in their triumph dye like fire and powder;
Which as they kiſſe conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is lothſomneſſe in his owne deliciouſneſſe,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth ſo,
Too ſwift, arriues as tardie, as too ſlow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Ladie, Oh ſo light afoot
Will nere weare out the euerlaſting flint,
A Louer may beſtride the Goſſamours,
That idles in the wanton Summer Ayre,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanitie.

Iu. Good euen to my ghoſtly Confeſſor.

Fri. Romeo ſhall thanke thee daughter for vs both.

Iu. As much to him, elſe in his thankes too much.

Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the meaſure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour Ayre, and let rich Muſickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happineſſe that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.

Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament,
They are but Beggers that can count their worth;
But my true Loue is growne to ſuch exceſſe,
I cannot ſumme vp ſome of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort worke,
For by your leaues, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolion, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we ſhall not ſcape a brawle, for now theſe hot dayes, is the mad bloud ſtirring.

Mer.

Mer. Thou art like one of theſe fellowes, that w
ters the confines of a Tauerne, claps mee his ſwo
table, and ſayes, God ſend mee no need of thee: an
peration of the ſecond cup, drawes him on the Dra
indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy
any in *Italie*: and aſſoone moued to bee moodie,
moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two ſuch, wee ſhoul
ſhortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why
quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a h
his beard, then thou haſt: thou wilt quarrell with
cracking Nuts, hauing no other reaſon, but becau
haſell eyes: what eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpie
quarrell? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egge is f
and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg
relling: thou haſt quareld with a man for coffing in
becauſe he hath wakened thy dog that hath layne aſ
Sun. Didſt thou not fall out with a taylor for weari
doublet before Eaſter: with another, for tying his n
with old riband, and yet thou wilt tutor me from qua

Ben. And I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any m
buy the fee-ſimple of my life, for an houre and a qua

Mer. The fee-ſimple. O ſimple.

Enter Tibalt, Petruchio. *and others.*

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capuleis.*

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tibalt. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeake to them.
Gentlemen, Good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs? couple it
thing, make it a word and a blow.

Ti. You ſhall find mee apt inough to that ſir, an
giue me occaſion.

Mercut. Could you not take ſome occaſion w
uing?